the prison in the seams of dirty shirts and underwear sent out for laundering.

Two or three weeks later a lawyer who came to the prison to see his clients brought us big news: the report had been published in a Russian *émigré* newspaper in Switzerland and excerpts from it had appeared in French and German newspapers under such titles as "The Torture Chambers in Ekaterinoslav" and "The Infamy of Tsarist Prisons." The S-D group in the Third Duma introduced an interpellation, and its spokesman read the whole report into the Duma's record and asked for an investigation.

A few days passed. Through the prison grapevine I knew that some of the criminal-political prisoners mentioned in my report had been called to the superintendent's office and questioned. Nobody from the prison administration was present at the interrogation. The investigator who cross-examined the witnesses tried to catch them in contradictions but did not intimidate them and treated some of them to cigarettes. One of my "correspondents," a common criminal lifer, was questioned for several hours. At the end the officer released him, saying, "That will do. Everything tallies with the report. Thank you."

Two more days passed. Just after the evening inspection an unusual commotion began in the hall. Belokos was shouting orders, guards were running, hall cleaners were sweeping the floor, others were carrying out the stinking barrels. The prison was getting ready for an inspection by high officials.

I saw them cross the courtyard—a man in a general's uniform followed by a dozen civil officials, then Fetisov and his assistants. The procession toured the ground floor, then the second floor. We heard Belokos barking, "Attention!" And another voice commanding, "At ease!" Then silence. Clanking of padlocks. Again the same command in another room.

At last the procession came to our wing and entered the large ward adjoining the tower. Pressed against the door, we could hear a husky voice speaking to the prisoners. "We had no knowledge. . . . The law admits no corporal punishment in prisons. . . . I shall hold the superintendent responsible. . . ." The procession did not enter our tower.

There was no more beating or mistreatment in the prison, though the regime was severe. Belokos remained chief of the guards. Food was abominable but a trifle less loathsome than before.

A lawyer who defended our group came to the prison to see me. He told me that the date of the trial had not yet been fixed and added casually, "You know, Woytinsky, I would advise you to ask for transfer to another prison. . . . It seems that the administra-